

## When the Truth Will Be Told

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Summary: What if Vader sensed that Leia was his daughter on the first Death Star?

## When the Truth Will Be Told

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>Author's note: This is an AU story that takes place on the first Death Star.<br>

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>The lone figure, dark and brooding, paced continuously, his mind attempting futilely to sort<br>things out. His black helmet, which had become a part of him after so many years, suddenly

>felt cumbersome; heavy. Never before had he so desperately wanted to take it off, take a<br>deep breath with his own longs . . .

><br>But such fancies were foolish, and Darth Vader had long ago put aside such irrelevant

>thoughts. But none of his training and discipline had prepared him for this.<br>

>They had hidden the truth from him--in fact, hidden it right under his nose. But now he<br>knew--twenty years after her death, Vader knew that Padme had been pregnant. He winced

>inwardly as he allowed himself to think of her name, something he had vowed long ago that<br>he would never do again. But his beloved, doomed Padme was back, in a sense. She was

>back in the form of his long lost daughter.<br>

>He hadn't seen it before. He had never realized, but he supposed he should have. He<br>witnessed Padme's death, many years ago on Alderaan. He had mourned for her even, but

>vowed afterwards that he would never allow emotions to blind him again.<br>

>He supposed he should have known that Leia Organa of Alderaan was his daughter. He<br>should have felt it. Padme and Obi-Wan were wise

to take her to Bail Organa on Alderaan.

><br>When they had intercepted the Princess's small shuttlecraft, he had felt something--in fact he  
>had been drawn to it, but he couldn't say why. Now he knew.<br>

>He had entered her cell to interrogate her. He had entered the girl's mind forcefully,<br>extracting information against her will. And then he had seen it--her heritage, her sensitivity  
>to the Force. Oddly, she even . . . FELT like Padme. There was no mistaking it.<br>

>Princess Leia, the stubborn, rebellious girl was his daughter. Now that he thought about it,<br>there was quite a resemblance between Leia and Padme, and she even had her mother's  
>spirit. And undoubtedly, she had tremendous Force-potential.<br>

>Vader smiled beneath his mask, suddenly becoming aware of the possibilities.<br>

>Slowly but assuredly, Vader wheeled around, dark cape whirling around his black boots. <br>Time to make another visit to Her Highness's cell.

><br>Vader marched through the bowels of the Death Star, ignoring the solutes he received from

>several of the officers and crew. Most, however, were too frightened of him to do more than<br>snap to attention as his ominous form strode forward.

><br> He arrived at the entrance of the Princess' cell, waving away the stormtroopers with a single

>flick of his wrist. Without warning or introduction, he stepped assuredly in Leia's cell.<br>

>He stopped for a moment, observing the way she raised her eyebrow with a trained mask of<br>annoyance, mild curiosity, and a hint of rebellion, but he could see the fear in her brown eyes

>as sure as he could feel it emanating from her small body.<br>

>He was unexpectedly shocked by how much she reminded him of Padme. Strange how he<br>hadn't noticed it until he knew the truth. But nevertheless, he was flooded with memories.

><br>The first time he saw Padme--so many years ago on Tatooine. "Are you an angel?" he had

>asked in his childlike innocence. Their first kiss came back to him--sweet and nervous, but<br>pure. And their wedding day--Padme dressed all in white. She truly had seemed like an

>angel on that day. He recalled their first year of blissful happiness together, and then her<br>tears of desperation when he had been called away to war. Padme and her tears when she

>realized he was drifting away . . .<br>

>Abruptly, Vader threw the walls back up. No. He wouldn't do that. "Come with me," he<br>said to Leia--his daughter. Padme's daughter.

><br>She stood up nervously, but complied nevertheless. She followed him into the corridor,

>relieved to be out of her cell, but scared of what her destination may be. They had already<br>assured her that she would be killed if she did not give up the location of the Rebel Base.

>"Where are we going?" she asked, putting on her bravest voice.<br>

>She looked around, noting that they were not being escorted by a guard, nor had he put<br>binders on her wrists. This would probably be her only opportunity--

><br>"Any efforts you make at an escape attempt will be futile," Vader said suddenly, as if

>reading her thoughts.<br>  
>Leia did not respond. Instead, she focused her attention on her surroundings in an effort to<br>memorize the layout and any possible escape routes. But there seemed to be nothing.  
><br>The walls were a dull, gray drab, and the scent in the air was metallic and unpleasant. Leia  
>found herself longing for home, where everything was bright and colorful and . . .<br>  
>Suddenly, Vader turned into a doorway. Leia followed hesitantly, entering a dark room. <br>The door clanged shut behind her, and she glanced at it nervously. She turned back to face  
>Vader, who was now sitting in a throne-like chair.<br>  
>"Relax, child," Vader said softly. "I did not bring you here to harm you." His voice was<br>slow, unusually soft.  
><br>But Leia was annoyed. "Then why did you bring me here?" she snapped.  
><br>Vader crossed his arms, gesturing for her to sit down.

><br>Leia crossed her arms as well, unbudging, as she raised an eyebrow in defiance.  
><br>Vader seemed to sigh at her stubbornness through his helmet. "So much like your mother . .  
>." he said quietly.<br>  
>Leia's eyes abruptly widened in fury and outrage. "What did you just say?"<br>  
>"Leia," he said, for the first time calling her by her first name, "your father . . . he did tell<br>you of your adoption . . ."

><br>Leia went from fury to confusion. How would he know about that?  
"Of course," she said.  
>"Why are you asking me this? Why is it any of your concern?"<br>

>"Because, Leia . . . I am your father." He let the words hang in the air.<br>  
>She stared at him, uncomprehending. No. It wasn't true . . . "I know who I am," she said<br>weakly, the room suddenly spinning. "I'm Leia Organa, daughter of Bail Organa and  
>Padme Naberrie . . . "<br>  
>"Padme was my wife before she married Organa. And he raised you as his own daughter. <br>They hid you from me."  
><br>She shook her head. No. Daddy would have told her . . . he wouldn't have lied.  
><br>"Perhaps he did it to protect you," Vader said, invading her thoughts.  
><br>"No. You're lying. This is another trick . . . a trick to give you the information you want.  
>Torture and mind probing didn't work, so now you're playing with my head . . ." She sunk<br>to the floor. This was only a nightmare, and she would wake up very soon.  
><br>"Leia, you've felt it all your life. There's something in the air, isn't there? A power that can  
>be tapped into. You've always felt it . . . you felt it when your mother died . . . in your sleep,<br>when you think you're only dreaming, but it's real. You felt it then just as you feel it now.

>You know my words to be true. You are my daughter, Leia. I've passed on my powers to<br>you. We could accomplish so much together."

><br>"No!" she screamed. "You are not my father! You are my enemy! You've destroyed

>countless lives, and I cannot believe for one second that I was spawned from a monster like<br>you! You're not even human!"

><br>Before she realized what was happening, a chair was being hurled through the air towards

>Vader. She stared in horrified amazement as it came close to crashing into Vader's helmet,<br>but was suddenly reflected by an unseen force.

><br>Leia was dumbfounded. She had thrown the chair. But she hadn't even touched it. Her

>mind flashed back suddenly to her childhood. She had thrown a particularly obnoxious<br>temper tantrum, and somehow shattered a window without even touching it. She had been

>punished. Her father had taught her to control her anger, and never again had she used that<br>mysterious power.

><br>Until now.

><br>"Now you see," Vader said, rising from his throne, towering over the girl. "It runs through

>your veins as thickly as it runs through mine. I could show you how to use it . . . to feed off<br>that power."

><br>Leia closed her eyes, willing her head to stop spinning.

Abruptly, her mind was cleared.

>Her eyes snapped open and she faced Vader. "You're not my father," she said calmly, her<br>will and defiance showing through. "I don't care if I was conceived by you. I wasn't raised

>by you, thankfully. You are everything that I've fought against all my life. And I would<br>just as soon die than join you."

><br>Beneath his helmet, Vader closed his eyes. If she wouldn't join him, then she must die.

><br>But when he opened his eyes back up and looked at his daughter, all he could see was

>Padme, his dear wife, staring through Leia's eyes accusingly. And Vader knew that, despite<br>his training and discipline, he could never kill Leia. After all, she was his daughter, and

>Padme's.<br>

>If he never in his life did anything else right, he would do this one thing. For Padme. <br>Because in truth, he had never stopped loving her. None of the power of the Dark Side

>could change that, and as he had tried saving Padme so many years ago, he would now save<br>her daughter.

><br>"We must go," he said, walking for the door.

><br>"What?" Leia asked, confused by his behavior.

><br>"We have to hurry."

><br>She followed, as confused as she was before, but she soon realized they were heading in the

>direction of the docking bay. She gazed at the tall figure in front of her, unsure of how to<br>react. Was he letting her go?

><br>Then they were at the docking bay, and Vader was waving away questioning officers with a

>simple gesture; silencing them. They stood outside a small, nondescript shuttle now, and<br>Leia glanced between it and Vader.

><br>"You must hurry," he said quietly.

><br>"Why are you doing this?" Leia asked. She had to know.

><br>"I loved your mother. I love her still."

><br>Leia nodded, shaking away the tears that threatened to overcome her. "Though I cannot

>forgive you for the death and pain you've caused in the past, I thank you."<br>

>After checking with an officer to make sure the deflector shields were off, Vader watched her<br>shuttle disappear. "My daughter, if we meet again, I cannot assure you that I will be able to  
>show as much mercy." She was still the enemy.<br>  
>He knew that he would be punished for letting her go. Perhaps the Emperor would even<br>have him killed, though he doubted it. But at least he would die knowing that he did one  
>decent thing for his wife. He couldn't save her all those years ago, but her daughter would<br>live, at least for another day.

><br>~~~~~

><br>Leia rested in the cabin of the shuttle Vader had given her, reliving the events of the past few  
>weeks. She was unsure how to feel. Devastated that her life--her whole identity--was a lie? <br>Relieved that she would soon be safe? She almost thought it would be easier if Vader had  
>had her killed. At least that would make it easier for her to hate him.<br>  
>He had killed so many innocents, and for that she could never forgive him. But was it<br>possible to truly hate him now that she knew the truth? After he perhaps risked his very life  
>to save her?<br>  
>What did this mean for her future in the Rebellion? How would her colleagues react if they<br>knew?  
><br>Her life would never be the same.  
><br>She hated how she couldn't hate him any longer. "Damn you, Vader," she whispered out  
>loud before falling into a troubled sleep. <br>  
>~~~~~<br>  
>Thank you for reading! PLEASE review! =) <p><p>

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file.